

The Mirror.

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BUCKINGHAM PALACE GATES.

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BUCKINGHAM PALACE GATES.

(From *Arcana of Science and Art* for 1835; just published.)

THESE magnificent gates have been manufactured for the central opening of the triumphal arch in front of Buckingham Palace. They were designed and cast by Mr. Samuel Parker, of Argyll-place; and are the largest and most superb in Europe, not excepting the stupendous gates of the Ducal Palace at Venice, or those of the Louvre, at Paris.

The Buckingham Palace gates are of a beautiful alloy, the base of which is refined copper. Although cast, they have all the sharpness and finish of the finest work, and the elaborate beauty of the enriched foliage and scroll ornaments must be seen to be appreciated. They are of gold colour, but will either be in part or wholly bronzed. The total height, to the top of the arch is 29 feet 10 inches; the height of each gate, independent of the frieze and arch, is 21 feet; and the width of each gate is 7 feet 6 inches. The weight of each gate is 2 tons 13 cwt., and the weight of the frieze and arch is 1 ton 9 cwt. 1 qr. Their extreme thickness is 3 inches.

These gates have been hung, experimentally, on Mr. Collinge's patent hinges: the steel sphere of the hinge was, however, not applied, but a mahogany one was used in its place; and a child might open and shut the gates when thus hung.

The total cost of these gates is 3,000 guineas. The side openings of the Buckingham arch are not, we believe, to be filled similarly to the centre: they will merely have halbert gates. *28. 71-790.*

TO A VIOLET.

THE following lines, from the pen of an esteemed Correspondent, were composed at my request, on a Violet gathered beneath Picton's Tree, on the plains of Waterloo.

T. S. ALLEN.

(*Floris carptor ipse loquitur.*)

Flow'ret once so sweet, alas!
Soon has all thy beauty gone;
Now a scentless, shrivell'd mass,
Form and fragrance thou hast none;
And a faint and pallid hue
Has usurped thy lovely blue.

Though a stranger scarce could guess
Violet was e'er thy name,
Yet to me in loveliness,
Fancy palates thee still the same,
As when erst I gather'd thee,
At the foot of Picton's tree.

Talismanic powers thou hast
Whence'er thou meet'st my eyes;
Pleasing visions of the past
As realities arise;
Straight I deem th' illusion true,
As I stand on Waterloo.

Manners and Customs.

ON BOUNDARIES AND INCLOSURES OF PROPERTY, IN FRANCE.

(Translated from *L'Almanach des Bons Conseils.*)

WE are aware of the importance the Romans attached to the boundaries of property. The placing of these landmarks was attended with religious ceremonies, and sacrifices were offered to the god *Terminus*, who, they believed, presided at the division of landed property. The remains of the victim, and of the funeral pile, were thrown into the hole intended to receive the boundary, which was placed very deep in the ground, and was of a certain height. So much did the husbandmen respect the consecrated stones, which formed the boundary, that they were careful not to run against them with their carts, lest they should displace them.

But, we need not have recourse to heathen customs to show the respect which was formerly paid to landmarks, and also to a neighbour's property. The Bible contains positive injunctions in this respect. Moses says, "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbour's landmark, which they of old time have set in thine inheritance which thou shalt inherit" (Deut. xix. 14.) Besides, he goes still farther, and charges the Levites to pronounce this curse: "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark!" (xxvii. 17.) There is nothing at the present day (in France) treated with more neglect and indifference than the boundaries of property. The old landmarks have been pulled up and removed. Those set up are in general nothing but stones hardly discernible, and are not sufficient to stand against the ploughshare. The boundaries should be legally established, and a plan of the estate should be made out accordingly. For want of a good fence, frequent encroachments take place which give rise to numerous law-suits. In some countries, property is divided by ditches, as the most certain and best means of preventing trespass. The ditch serves to prevent the roads being overflowed; the water leaves a part of the manure which it brings along with it, and this mud when spread over the land, serves as a powerful means of fertilization. If a quick hedge be planted on the bank of the ditch, it improves wonderfully, and in this advantageous situation, the young twigs may be interwoven so as to make an impervious boundary.

Inclosures are indispensably necessary to good cultivation. In this respect, England presents examples for imitation. There you see fields inclosed with such thick fences that there is no fear of leaving the cattle; so that a single shepherd has the care of several flocks, and has only to water them at convenient opportunities. How economical, con-

pared with the keeping but a pair which the woods.

There is such as i &c.; in w sible cita and inter other, and wall of the

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THERE re haps still one of En named P several gr excited the gentry, th for her, an of ladies, try, were o this poor nady depo whose hou way to M woman ey sometimes and get co striving to to get far noticing th accosted h one Mrs. L thereabout, them to hen len, uncivil ledge of s slight acqu thing shoul the way to she, "if you believe me know; or, which is th want with and pleasur "Can't I t woman; th Mrs. Poll h rustic fema and hurrying Presently, t which a co awing, o Mrs. Poll's girls; "is i teller, that like you th her house, s

pared with our own country (France), where the keeping of cattle is ruinous; besides, it is but a partial preventive to the great havoc which the cattle make among the crops and woods.

There is no field-keeper like a good fence, such as is seen in the province of Britany, &c.; in which country a field is an inaccessible citadel. The young shoots are bent and interwoven, so that they unite with each other, and form, from top to bottom, a thick wall of thorns.

T. S. A.

Anecdote Gallery.

A REPENTANT FORTUNE-TELLER.

THERE resided a few years ago, (and perhaps still resides,) in a beautiful spot, in one of England's loveliest counties, a woman named Poll, whose sickness, and whose several grievous losses and misfortunes, so excited the compassion of the neighbouring gentry, that a subscription was set on foot for her, and a small sum raised. A couple of ladies, strangers in that part of the country, were one day commissioned to take to this poor creature, a part of the money already deposited in the hands of the friend at whose house they were staying. In their way to Mrs. Poll's cottage, they observed a woman eying them with fixed attention, sometimes endeavouring to hurry past them, and get considerably ahead; and sometimes striving to linger behind, and suffering them to get far in advance of her. The ladies, noticing this female's strange, shy conduct, accosted her, inquiring whether she knew one Mrs. Poll, who, they understood, lived thereabout, and whether she could direct them to her cottage? The woman in a sulken, uncivil manner, denied at first all knowledge of such a person; then owned to a slight acquaintance, but protested that nothing should induce her to show the strangers the way to her cottage:—"Indeed," added she, "if you be going there, 'tis of little use, believe me; for Mrs. Poll is from home, I know; or, if not, can't or won't be seen, which is the same thing: but what do you want with her?"—"We have a particular and pleasant message to deliver to her."—"Can't I take it as well?"—"No, good woman; that won't do: we must speak to Mrs. Poll herself."—"Humph!" quoth the rustic female, and "Good evening then;" and hurrying on, she was soon out of sight. Presently, the ladies came to a gate, on which a couple of pert village girls were swinging, of whom they inquired the way to Mrs. Poll's abode:—"What!" cried the girls; "is it old mother Poll, the fortune-teller, that you want? There's few gentry like you that wants to be told the way to her house, seeing she's the larnedest reader

of the planets, the cards, and the tea-cup grounds in the kingdom: howsomever, there it be;" pointing across the field; "and ladies, you must have seen her by the way; she surely passed you in the lane, for she's not long gone through this gate to her home." True enough, when the ladies reached the cottage, they were received, though but shyly, by the woman they had fallen in with.—"Mrs. Poll," said one of the fair handmaids of charity, "several kind friends of yours, having heard of your late afflictions, have sent you some money by us:—see!"—and she laid two sovereigns on the table.—"God be thanked for his mercies!" cried the poor woman; "far greater are they than I deserve! And may God bless, and think of, all those kind gentlefolks, who have blessed and thought of me in my sorrow!"—"A grateful and proper prayer," observed Miss —: "but why, Mrs. Poll, did you do so bad a thing, as to deny in the lane to us just now, all knowledge of yourself? You cannot expect that God will bless a deliberate liar?"—"And consider too," observed the other lady, "what your falsehood might have lost you, had my friend and myself been misdirected to your cottage, or given up all idea of finding it."—"Oh, madam! Oh, ladies!" cried the poor woman with tears in her eyes, "I know I did very—very wrong, and that my lie deserved the punishment it might have brought upon me: but the blessed God is my witness, that I told it with a good intent! I was—I am—very poor, and used some time ago, as you may have heard, to tell fortunes for my livelihood; by this trade I often made a great deal, but I knew I was not turning an honest penny, because I shamefully deceived and cheated the country lads and lasses, and the ladies like yourselves, and gentlemen too, who came to me to have their fortunes told. But the Lord saw fit to punish me for, and to reclaim me, I hope, from my sin; I fell into the distresses of which you have heard; and as I lay upon the lingering bed of sickness, his Holy Word became my constant companion, and my daily study. There I saw how exceedingly wicked I had been, and how grievously I had caused my fellow-creatures to err, in encouraging them 'to seek after those that had familiar spirits, and were soothsayers, and diviners;' and then I solemnly vowed, if my life were spared, that I would reform, and never tell fortunes again. Ladies, I had obtained a name for my predictions which I have not yet lost; and many people strive, by bribes of money, to make me forswear myself: this, being now very poor, I am sometimes tempted to do; and when I saw you in the lane this evening, and found you had business with me, my mind misgave me, that you were coming, like others, to have your fortunes

told, and that I might, perhaps, through poverty, fall into the snare; this it was, which tempted me to give you the lie about myself; and had you not talked of having 'a pleasant message' to deliver, I had resolved to hide myself, and not see you in this cottage at all. But—blessed be God!—he hath considered my weakness and my need; and your visit, ladies, will teach me more devoutly to trust Him, and more firmly to keep my vow!"

M. L. B.

Note.—This interesting anecdote was communicated to the writer, by one of the ladies who visited Mrs. Poll: and surely, the real repentance of that poor, and subsequently pious woman, who resigned all, "even her living," for righteousness' sake," inculcates as striking a lesson, as it presents a beautiful example. Thus are "the poor of this world" sometimes made, in the hands of God, the honoured instruments of their fellow-creatures' good, by displaying, amidst overwhelming trials and temptations, the "riches of His grace," and the marvellous sufficiency of His Providence!

Retrospective Cleanings.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF WILLIAM COWPER.

[BEFORE us are the first and second volumes of a new and complete edition of the *Life, Correspondence, and Poems of Cowper*, the publication of which must be to the poet's admirers a matter of gratulation. In this edition, the editor, the Rev. Mr. Grimshawe, proposes to reprint Hayley's *Life of Cowper*, revised; also, by aid of the private correspondence of the poet, to incorporate upwards of two hundred letters, and thus present the whole correspondence in its entire and unbroken form, and in its chronological order. The revision of Hayley's *Life* is urged by Mr. Grimshawe on account of its conveying to the public, if not to Cowper's friends, a very erroneous impression of the character and principles of the poet. Hayley received considerable aid in his biography from the late Dr. Johnson, brother-in-law of Mr. Grimshawe. The Doctor's possession of documents, and intimate knowledge of facts, enabled him to discover the partial suppression of some letters, and the total omission of others, that, in his judgment, were essential to the development of Cowper's real character. Hayley's great error lies in attributing the malady of Cowper to the operation of religious causes: indeed, he seems to be afraid of exhibiting Cowper too much in a *religious garb*, lest he should either lessen his estimation, alarm the reader, or compromise himself. The consequence, as regards Cowper, has been unfortunate. "People," observes Dr. Johnson, "read the letters with 'the Task' in their recollection, (and vice

versa,) and are perplexed. They look for the Cowper of each in the other, and they find him not; the correspondency is thus destroyed. The character of Cowper is thus undetermined; mystery hangs over it, and the opinions formed of him are as various as the minds of the inquirers." Dr. Johnson sought to dissipate this illusion by publishing his private correspondence; and Mr. Grimshawe reasonably infers from the incorporation of the two publications, "then, and not till then," will the real character of Cowper be fully understood and comprehended; and the consistency of his Christian character be found to harmonize with the Christian spirit of his pure and exalted productions." The merits of the private correspondence are first-rate. The late Rev. Robert Hall considered these letters as the finest specimen of the epistolary style in our language, and that they are superior to those in Hayley's *Life*,—possessing as much beauty, with more piety and pathos. Of the poems of Cowper, need a word of eulogium be said, when their natural imagery, moral reflections and delineations of character have endeared these productions to so large a circle of the admirers of simplicity and truth? With these sterling recommendations, and with what is essential to some degree of success, viz. exquisite printing and tasteful embellishment,—this new edition bids fair to rank with the drawing-room editions of Byron, Crabbe, and Scott, lately published. In Cowper, religion and morality are kept in view, and the object of their diffusion is never lost amidst matters of less serious import, or injured by appearing in the same volume with "trifles light as air." Happily then, the external elegance of this edition may be the means of introducing its excellent truths into circles wherein they have been but indifferently appreciated: they may displace the scandal of fashionable novels and reform the taste of certain readers by leading them to seek purer founts of intellectual gratification than they have hitherto been accustomed to enjoy. The success of the present undertaking will then be alike gratifying to its projectors, and honourable to the age that so nobly encourages the propagation of religious and moral truth, unalloyed by the playfulness of poetical genius.

We intend to quote a few interesting, anecdotic notes from these two volumes.]

Cowper's Acquaintance at Huntingdon.

An acquaintance I have lately made is with a Mr. Nicholson, a north-country divine, very poor, but very good, and very happy. He reads prayers here twice a day, all the year round, and travels on foot to serve two churches every Sunday through the year, his journey out and home again being sixteen miles. I supped with him last night. He gave me bread and cheese, and a black jug

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of ale of his own brewing, and doubtless brewed by his own hands. Another of my acquaintance is Mr. —, a thin, tall, old man, and as good as he is thin. He drinks nothing but water, and eats no flesh, partly (I believe) from a religious scruple (for he is very religious) and partly in the spirit of a valetudinarian. He is to be met with every morning of his life, at about six o'clock, at a fountain of very fine water, about a mile from the town, which is reckoned extremely like the Bristol spring. Being both early risers, and the only early walkers in the place, we soon became acquainted. His great piety can be equalled by nothing but his great regularity; for he is the most perfect time-piece in the world. I have received a visit likewise from Mr. —. He is very much a gentleman, well-read, and sensible. I am persuaded, in short, that if I had had the choice of all England where to fix my abode, I could not have chosen better for myself, and most likely I should not have chosen so well.

W. C.

Gratitude.—(To Lady Hesketth.)

I thank God for your friendship, and for every friend I have; for all the pleasing circumstances here; for my health of body, and perfect serenity of mind. To recollect the past and compare it with the present is all I have need of to fill me with gratitude; and to be grateful is to be happy. Not that I think myself sufficiently thankful, or that I ever shall be so in this life. The warmest heart perhaps only feels by fits and is often as insensible as the coldest. This at least is frequently the case with mine, and oftener than it should be. But the mercy that can forgive iniquity will never be severe to mark our frailties; to that mercy, my dear cousin, I commend you, with earnest wishes for your welfare, and remain your ever affectionate

W. C.

A Day with the Unwins.

We breakfast commonly between eight and nine; till eleven, we read either the Scripture, or the sermons of some faithful preacher of those holy mysteries; at eleven we attend divine service, which is performed here twice every day; and from twelve to three we separate, and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval I either read in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but, if the weather permits, adjourn to the garden, where, with Mrs. Unwin and her son, I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea time. If it rains, or is too windy for walking, we either converse within doors, or sing some hymns of Martin's collection, and, by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord, make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts, I hope, are the best and most musical performers. After tea we sally

forth to walk in good earnest. Mrs. Unwin is a good walker, and we have generally travelled about four miles before we see home again. When the days are short, we make this excursion in the former part of the day, between church-time and dinner. At night we read and converse, as before, till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns or a sermon; and, last of all, the family are called to prayers. I need not tell you that such a life as this, is consistent with the utmost cheerfulness; accordingly we are all happy, and dwell together in unity as brethren. Mrs. Unwin has almost a maternal affection for me, and I have something very like a filial one for her, and her son and I are brothers. Blessed be the God of our salvation for such companions, and for such a life, above all for a heart to like it!—W. C.

Advice to a young Lady on keeping the Sabbath.

The sabbath, I think, may be considered, first, as a commandment no less binding upon modern Christians, than upon ancient Jews, because the spiritual people amongst them did not think it enough to abstain from manual occupations upon that day, but, entering more deeply into the meaning of the precept, allotted those hours they took from the world to the cultivation of holiness in their own souls, which ever was, and ever will be, a duty incumbent upon all who ever heard of a sabbath, and is of perpetual obligation both upon Jews and Christians; (the commandment, therefore, enjoins it; the prophets have also enforced it; and in many instances, both scriptural and modern, the breach of it has been punished with a providential and judicial severity, that may make by-standers tremble;) secondly, as a privilege, which you well know how to dilate upon, better than I can tell you; thirdly, as a sign of that covenant, by which believers are entitled to a rest that yet remaineth; fourthly, as a *sine qua non* of the Christian character; and, upon this head, I should guard against being misunderstood to mean no more than two attendances upon public worship, which is a form complied with by thousands who never kept a sabbath in their lives. Consistence is necessary to give substance and solidity to the whole. To sanctify the day at church, and to trifle it away out of church, is profanation, and vitiates all. After all, could I ask my catechumen one short question—"Do you love the day, or do you not? If you love it, you will never inquire how far you may safely deprive yourself of the enjoyment of it. If you do not love it, and you find yourself obliged in conscience to acknowledge it, that is an alarming symptom, and ought to make you tremble. If you do not love it, then it is a weariness to you, and you wish it was over-

The ideas of labour and rest are not more opposite to each other than the idea of a sabbath and that dislike and disgust with which it fills the souls of thousands to be obliged to keep it. It is worse than bodily labour."

W. C.

John Gilpin.

That admirable and highly popular piece of pleasantry was composed at the period of which we are now speaking (1782). An elegant and judicious writer, who has favoured the public with three interesting volumes relating to the early poets of our country, conjectures that a poem, written by the celebrated Sir Thomas More in his youth, (the merry jest of the Sergeant and Frere) may have suggested to Cowper his tale of John Gilpin; but this singularly amusing ballad had a different origin; and it is a very remarkable fact, that, full of gaiety and humour as this favourite of the public has abundantly proved itself to be, it was really composed at a time when the spirit of the poet was very deeply tinged with his depressive malady. It happened one afternoon, in those years when his accomplished friend, Lady Austen, made a part of his little evening circle, that she observed him sinking into increasing dejection. It was her custom, on these occasions, to try all the resources of her sprightly powers for his immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin (which had been treasured in her memory from her childhood) to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effect on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment: he informed her the next morning, that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad.—So arose the pleasant poem of John Gilpin. It was eagerly copied, and finding its way rapidly to the newspapers, it was seized by the lively spirit of Henderson the comedian, a man, like the Yorick described by Shakspeare, of "infinite jest, and most excellent fancy," it was seized by Henderson as a proper subject for the display of his own comic powers, and, by reciting it in his public readings, he gave uncommon celebrity to the ballad, before the public suspected to what poet they were indebted for the sudden burst of ludicrous amusement. Many readers were astonished when the poem made its first authentic appearance in the second volume of Cowper.

(To be continued.)

The Public Journals.

AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.—LACOCK ABBEY.

By Mrs. Crawford.

LACOCK ABBEY is so interwoven with my recollections of early days and early friends,

that when memory conjures up the fairy scenes of my happy youth, that venerable pile rises up in all the touching character of its holy beauty. Lacock Abbey was founded in a distant age, by Ella, Countess of Shrewsbury; who, with her two nieces, took the veil, and is buried in the cloisters of the abbey. There is something highly picturesque and moving to the feelings, in the appearance of this fine abbey, standing in a fertile vale, with its old avenue, broad terrace walks, and extensive cloisters, breathing, as it were, the heavenly music of those holy spirits, that once animated the vestal forms of beauty, now mouldered into dust, and of which the profane foot that treads over it takes no account.

The entrance hall is a magnificent apartment, with a double row of niches round its sides, filled with statues, many of them finely executed; one of a bishop, with a book in his hand, is particularly striking, and looks instinct with life. There is another equally good (though out of keeping with the tone of the building) of Diogenes, with his lantern, going in search of an honest man. Over the high mantel that crowns the hospitable hearth of olden days, are the effigies of the Countess of Shrewsbury and her two beautiful nieces, habited as nuns.

From a door on one side of the hall you enter the inner cloisters, and a small green inclosure, which still bears the name of "the nun's burying ground." The great dining-room is a noble and lofty apartment, fit for the banquetings of ancient times. Some fine paintings upon panel adorn the sides. There are also two full-length portraits, by Vandyke, of Charles I. and his queen, Henrietta Maria; and one of bluff King Hal, by Holbein. From the dining-room, a few steps conduct to a gallery hung with family portraits, and other old pictures; one of a nun, who, (as a legend of the abbey says) "escaped with her lover, having leaped from the high tower, in which the abbess had confined her, and sustained no injury from her fall, but the fracture of her little finger." The portrait of her lover, if the painter was correct in his likeness, would only justify the nun's conduct upon the supposition of witchcraft; for to look at his more than disagreeable visage, one would imagine the young maiden to have broken her finger in running away from, instead of to, him. At the end of the gallery, another flight of steps leads up to the library, one of the most appropriate rooms for study imaginable. One of the windows looks into the cloister; and contemplation seems, with its still, small voice, to woo us to sit down, and muse upon "the days of other years." There are some scarce old books, and many interesting records, together with some good paintings in this room. A portrait of Oliver Cromwell's favourite daughter, a lovely mei-

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lancholy looking creature, claims all our sympathy for the poor victim of a father's heartless ambition. Lord and Lady Falconbridge, and the celebrated beauty, Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland, Waller's "Saccharissa," also adorn the walls. The abbey is not so largely accommodated with sitting-rooms as many good country houses, long galleries and corridors taking up much of the building. Of the chapel I cannot speak; for though a constant visitor at the abbey for many years, I never once attended service there, and that, from no other motive than a repugnance to go out of mere curiosity, as many of my friends did. At the period to which I am now reverting, the late Countess of Shrewsbury resided at the abbey, which she held of the present owner, Mr. Talbot, son of Lady Elizabeth Talbot, since married to Captain Fielding. Lady Shrewsbury, though nearly eighty years of age, had all the vivacity of youth: and her good temper, hospitality, and a large fund of anecdote, made young people delight in her society. She was a strict Catholic, pious without parade, and a genuine supporter of the old aristocracy, without any of those unbecoming airs of pride, too often attending high rank. She had been in her youth a great beauty, and was sent by her father, Lord Dormer, to a French convent to be educated. Her own account of her first interview with the Earl of Shrewsbury was very amusing: "Being told that an English gentleman had brought letters from my father, I hurried into the lady abbess's parlour, where the earl, then a beautiful young man, was waiting to see me. I had been so long within those dismal walls, and never seen a man, but our old confessor, and a hideous-looking creature, who came to draw my tooth, that the earl looked like an angel to me." They were soon married, and spent some time at the court of the French monarch. On her arrival in England, Lady Shrewsbury went in all her bridal state to visit her sister, Miss Dormer, at the convent where she was passing her noviciate, previously to her taking the veil. Lady Shrewsbury used all her sisterly arts to entice back the young recluse to the gay world she had forsaken, but in vain. She thanked the countess; but told her she did not envy her grandeur, but was far happier in her humble state. She afterwards took the veil, and was made abbess (I think) of a convent at Winchester. Lady Shrewsbury had no children; but she had adopted two young boys, the sons of a Mr. Talbot, who was next heir to the earldom. The eldest of the boys (and her favourite) died; and the survivor, John Talbot, (who is now Earl of Shrewsbury,) and the domestic priest, the Rev. George Witham, made up the family circle of the countess when I was a visitor at the abbey. She had frequently old friends staying with

her for several weeks at a time, all Catholics. The Blounts, Cliffords, and Hydes, were her most frequent guests. She also lived on very friendly terms with the Protestant families in the neighbourhood, by all of whom she was much respected. It is time to close these reminiscences for the present; but I cannot conclude without some passing remarks upon the family priest before mentioned. Mr. Witham was in appearance, what the poet Thomson describes in his *Castle of Indolence*,—

"A little, sleek, fat, oily man of God,"

looking as unlike a mortified religieuse, as man can look; but he was a kind-hearted, good-tempered man, happy in himself, and therefore no alloy to the happiness of others. He passed an easy life at the abbey, and was at home there in the real sense of the word. Lady Shrewsbury allowed him to do just as he liked; and excepting at meals, or when in the discharge of his sacred duties, she saw little of him. He was, in fact, a sort of "Will Wimble," extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He had three rooms appropriated to his own special use; and those rooms were, perhaps, as well worth visiting as any in the abbey. His bed chamber was a perfect Noah's Ark, hung with old tapestry, and stuffed full of all sort of curious things, looking more like the museum of an antiquary, than the dormitory of a priest. The other two chambers he had converted into a printing and turning shop, where he alternately amused himself with making little offerings for the ladies, sometimes forming out of boxwood, fancy reels to wind cotton upon, and boxes to hold pins; at others, printing in large type, riddles and divers bagatelles of the like character, given him by the young ladies who visited at the abbey. He once also printed a history of the abbey, which for real antiquarian research, curious phraseology, and primitive typography, would have been well worthy of a place in the British Museum. Alas! that busy head and those industrious hands are now resting in the quiet grave; and the little ancient chambers where he spent his blameless hours, are now inhabited perhaps by beings less innocently active and happy in spirit. Poor Witham, I owe him a debt of gratitude; for it was he who was my first printer and publisher, and a proud day it was to me (then a girl of thirteen) when I saw my own name at full length, most conspicuously placed in large and very black letters, at the head of my juvenile attempts in the art of stringing rhymes together. Indeed, I am very certain, that could I now (with the same of a Byron) see my works brought out in all the elegance of modern publication, the pleasure could never equal that with which I regarded again and again the rude typo-

graphy, and coarse blue-looking paper, of my reverend and gratuitous printer. Peace to his memory, to which I pay this late but just debt of many years standing.—*Metropolitan.*

STANZAS.

WHEN the voices are gone
That breathed music around,
And the faces we look for
Are not to be found;
Then Love is a hermit,
And steals all apart,
For cold strikes the world
On the strings of the heart.
That world that we dreamt of
In home's pleasant bowers,
Ere we drank at its fountain,
Or gathered its flowers;
That we pictured as bright,
And we found as frail too,
As the gossamer's web
With its garlands of dew.
All the glitter that dazzled,
The newness that won,
Faded away from our reason,
Like clouds from the sun;
As the angel of truth,
Growing bright through our tears,
Shows the world but a desert,
When sorrow appears.
Our childhood is fleet,
As a dream of the night;
And youth fades anon,
Like the flower in sunlight:
And manhood soon ripens
As corn for the mill;
And age drops to dust,
Like the leaves on the gale.
Thus, year after year,
Life's enchantments decay;
The glow of the spirits,
So buoyantly gay,
Is chilled by unkindness,
Or chastened by woe,
Till man finds his paradise
Darkened below.
But man has a spirit
The world cannot bind,
That mounts to the stars,
And leaves darkness behind;
Where the voices we loved
Breathe a holier sound,
And the faces we look for,
Again may be found! *Metropolitan.*

FRANCIA THE DICTATOR.

(Concluded from page 236.)

FRANCIA's next step was to cut off all intercourse, both mercantile and epistolary, with every place beyond the boundaries of Paraguay; not a soul was permitted to enter or leave the province—not a bale of merchandise to be exported;—a dead and horrid silence pervaded the province, as if to hide the sad and awful scenes about to be enacted there from the observation, and even from the knowledge, of mankind.

Busy vessels no longer enlivened the river, nor ministered to commerce; the exportable produce of the country rotted in the warehouses; no more tobacco was grown, because none was inquired for; the yerba could not be sent away, and therefore was not collected;

the sugar cultivator suspended his labour; thousands of hale, active men were thrown listless and idle upon the community; and poverty stalked forth over the land, in all the length and the breadth of it. Twenty-one years have elapsed since Francia shut up the country from its natural intercourse with other parts; and in that time, not only have the inhabitants relinquished the active and industrious pursuits by which they carried on their once beneficial traffic, but idleness, vice, and misery, and a slavish apathy and total indifference about their condition, have overtaken them. At the same time, the countries which they before supplied, especially with the yerba, or tea, and mild tobacco, have either relinquished the use of them, or have had them superseded by importations from other places: so that their misery is not only present but prospective, inasmuch as it will require great exertion and re-action to bring things back even to their original state.

Having delivered himself from all interference from *without* the province, the Dictator proceeded now to silence all *within*. First, under the most frivolous pretexes, and soon under none at all, he proceeded to question, investigate, and set up a political inquisition into the private actions, words, and even looks of every man of the least respectability in the country. One man was taken up because he had written a letter to Buenos Ayres, another because he had received one from that place. Sometimes it was a delinquency to have spoken to the former members of Government; and at others, to have regretted that the trade of the province was dying away. One after another of such presumptuous scribblers and babblers as these was first imprisoned, and soon after shot: their friends and relations often shared the same fate, because they had been heard to regret the untimely end of him who had suffered before them. Latterly, it was an unpardonable offence to *inquire* even after the fate of a long-imprisoned, solitary, and famished dungeon-outcast, upon the Dictator's displeasure. One very fine young man, Andrez Gomez, who was several years in my service in the capacity of agent, upon the simple ground of better knowledge and more free inquiry than was usual among his countrymen, and of connexion and correspondence with people *not* in the country, was torn from the arms of his mother and sister—thrown into a dungeon—chained to the floor of it—left without communication with a human being but the gaoler—without the means even of cleaning his person—till despair took place of patience and reason, and he became a mournful maniac—the victim of Francia's groundless but unrelenting displeasure. To such a length and to so great a degree has this persecution of well-doing, virtuous men been carried,—of men who constituted the only little respecta-

bility that that there class which father, a of that me upon as its
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But the upon the nature—h into his st over the with all a what was rendered lic communit Finance, toms, and State. I village co out an ex was the v the State centre of gravitated lic matter emanate.
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bility that was to be found in the country,—that there is not now a single family of that class which does not mourn the loss of a father, a husband, or a brother, and always of that member of the family who was looked upon as its *greatest ornament*.

The Dictator's practice, when he rides out, is to send two guards about one hundred yards before him; it being an understood requisition to the inhabitants, when these guards come in front of their houses, either that they shut their doors quite close, or leave them wide open;—in the latter case, the owner of the house is obliged to stand out in the street. This is to prevent the supposed probability of any one's taking aim, from behind a half-opened door, at the Dictator; but it seems, in fact, only to be one of the many devices by which he has chosen to bring it irresistibly home to every man under his government, that Dictator Francia is lord and master absolute. No one knows so well as the Dictator himself, in Paraguay, that he has effectually silenced sedition and conspiracy. He has left wholly unnerved every arm, and most effectually subdued every spirit capable of giving that arm an impulse strong enough to reach his cold heart.

Nothing can be more clearly indicative of the penetration, management, and resolution by which Francia has subdued into slavish fear the people over whom he rules, than the fact that, though they are 300,000 in number, his whole regular military force does not exceed 3,000 men.

But the same system of discipline, founded upon the great agitating principles of our nature—hope and fear, which he introduced into his small regiment of guards, he diffused over the whole community. He dispensed with all assistance in his government, except what was merely mechanical, and could be rendered by the very lowest members of the community. He was his own Minister of Finance, Secretary at War, Collector of Customs, and Keeper of the strong box of the State. No petty commandant of a petty village could pay his drummer and fifer without an express order from the Dictator. He was the very axis upon which every piece of the State-machinery turned,—at once the centre of attraction toward which everything gravitated, and the point from which all public matters, great and small, were made to emanate. At the same time, he professed ever to be looking out for agents and assistants; and the lowest man employed about him was allowed to entertain the hope that he might become his minister or secretary. As the hopes of those about him were thus excited, so, on the other hand, was their fear equally alarmed, lest, instead of having places under the Government, they might one day find themselves in a prison, or on the scaffold.

He once imprisoned a man, for whom an

individual, in acknowledged favour, ventured to intercede. "Sir," said the Dictator, "I made you my friend, not because you deserved it, but because I chose it. You now pretend to *dictate* to me, and by implication to impugn my judgment, by speaking in favour of a person whom you know that judgment has condemned. You thus negatively advocate his cause, and support his principles. Go where he is." And without a word more, he dispatched him to a solitary dungeon, contiguous to that in which lay confined the individual for whose liberation he had so imprudently and so fruitlessly pleaded.

A lieutenant, presuming upon the Dictator's fancied partiality for him, disobeyed his captain, and gave it as a reason for his doing so, that he was more a favourite of the Dictator than the captain himself. The Dictator heard this—said not a word to the lieutenant; but ordering a muster of the *Quarteleros*, or Guards, he went up to the officer, and pulling him out of the ranks, he addressed him in this way:—"I found you a beggar, and I made you an officer: I now find you are an ill-behaved officer, and send you back to be a well behaved beggar: for if you are not that, I shall put you in the stocks or a worse place." Hereupon, he had the officer stripped of his uniform, clothed in garments suited to a beggar, and drummed out of the regiment.—*New Monthly Mag.*

New Books.

SCENES AND STORIES, BY A CLERGYMAN IN DEBT.

[THE avowed object of this work, in three lightly-printed volumes, is to show the injustice of Imprisonment for Debt, by the experience of a Clergyman during his confinement into the Debtors' Prisons of London. We confess this to be a matter which we have no disposition to dispute; but with this concession, we are not willing to couple any suggestions or views of our own, respecting the substitute for the present Law of Arrest. We will, however, take a few pages from the first volume of the *Scenes and Stories*, the object of which is to illustrate a few points of the question, merely premising that Montfort is the debtor hero.]

Horrors of Imprisonment for Debt.

When Montfort awoke in the morning, (in the Fleet Prison,) a throng of those wild, warm memories, which rush so passionately upon young hearts, came eloquently, reminding him of his mother and sister in a far land. Happily, how unconscious must they be of his fate! How would they have startled had any of those visions, in which affection so often bodies forth in sleep the forms of the absent loved, presented to them the fond brother and the fostered son, an actor

in any one scene of the drama which we have lately seen performed. Had enough, indeed, would they have deemed it to have been in difficulty or debt; to have seen him in a spunging house would have pained them with most intense affliction; but to have known him an incarcerated prisoner within the walls of a debtor's gaol, would have laid prostrate the fervent mind of his mother, and have destroyed her senses, if not broken her heart.

Montfort began to think of this in a spirit of sadness which soon led his mind into a mood of reason; and as the actual experience of sorrows, will be found to engender reflection more than all the acquired habits of philosophy or thought, he fell into that sort of powerful self-scrutiny by whose means our present woes summon to the bar of conscience our past actions; and which at once placed before him, in panoramic routine, all the wild waste, the thoughtless hours, the mistaken generosity, the loose habits, the hasty extravagance, the mad recklessness, which had conspired to place him in his present degrading sphere of society, and harassing personal difficulty and distress.

A picture of this sort—painted as it were by an indignant present, at once a satire and a reproach upon the past—Hogarthian in its outline, and powerful in its own vivid truth and depth of colour, laid bare before the bright perceptions of the human sense—the warm feelings of the heart brightening the noble eye of the mind—affords the best, because the most striking and the most touching moral that man can gather from experience to urge him in a pursuit of virtue—to aid him in a defiance of vice. It tells him what crimes he has committed, and what will be their retribution—what lessons he has learned, and what price he has paid for the knowledge—what time he has lost, and also how great was its value. And, oh!—of what mighty worth to him is this information, gathered not from the lore of learning, nor the wisdom of books, but from the sensible promptings of his own soul. Truth—pure, brilliant, undying truth, filtered through the beautiful dripstone of the human mind—

That casket of bright gems which shine,
When virtue lifts the lid.

The reflections which produce it are rapid in their evolutions, but they are also powerful in their effects—the parents of abandonment or resolution, according to the frame in which they work. For, come at what period of his life it may, (whenever that life exhibits the vicissitude from prosperity to its reverse,) it is usually this sudden bursting of the Past upon a man's reason, which decides his after-career. Afraid to meet it—and he is lost; to see and take his lesson from it—he is redeemed: and, oh! how great is the glory of that redemption! It bears upon its

brawny shoulders the whole weight of experience, of sorrow, of young imprudence, of reason, and of time. It chastens the spirit, it reins the impulses, it purifies the passions; it points the heart to God. Great in the victory which it has acquired over the human mind, it never suffers that victory to be regained by crime, except where the lessons we have learnt with it are forgotten, and the moral it has taught us is abused. The man who wilfully plunges again into the sins or errors for which he has suffered bitterly before, may be too wicked for a madman, but he is also weak enough for a fool; and whether it be in great matters of crime and sorrow, or the more trivial events and misfortunes of every day life, having faced their recollection in the day of trouble, and looked back to actions of which we then repent, we are morally bound to make of that retrospection a mirror to set up before our future life, so that we cannot err without the knowledge of our own hearts; nor, therefore, without deserving a just retribution; for which no one is to be blamed but ourselves.

[We ought, perhaps, to have mentioned that the work is divided into sections, as, the Spunging House—the Fleet Prison—the King's Bench—Whitecross-street, &c., in which these domiciles of debtors are described with graphic ease, and their social systems illustrated by anecdotes and adventures of grave and gay character; though, in their minutest details, the writer never loses sight of the purpose of his book. The second volume, especially, is enlivened or saddened with such anecdotic incidents as that which follows:]

A Dinner and a Hoax.

A diverting hoax was played off upon a sheriff's officer, by an older prisoner, a captain in the army, who had been some years in the King's Bench, and who, every term time, took out his day-rules, and, under their protection, walked his ways daily, and had the consolation of quoting Dr. Watts to himself, and saying—

“‘Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
there's no fear of my being arrested.’”

However, he was one day passing the shop of a man in the Strand, to whom he owed money, and whose quick eyes twigg'd the captain.

“How d'ye do, captain?”

“Very well, I thank you;” and the captain was going to pass on.

“I suppose you're in a hurry now, captain; but if you're passing here to-morrow, I wish you'd look in; I want a word with you.”

“By all means,” said the captain; “I'll look in at four o'clock;” and on he went.

The next day the captain kept his word; he called in upon his creditor at four o'clock, and his creditor had a sheriff's officer wait-

ing for him—master—tain sallie—

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“No—no this time a

ing for him. The officer happened to be a master—not a follower—and he and the captain sallied forth, arm in arm.

"I tell you what," said the captain, "this is no execution; you need not take me to the lock-up till evening; and I've an inclination for a good dinner. Come with me to Long's Hotel, and I'll treat you to whatever you like; we'll have a bottle of good wine, at all events."

The offer was accepted; they got into a coach, and alighted at Long's. When they entered, the waiter, who knew the captain, made his bow.

"We want to dine," said the captain.

"What will you like, sir?"

"What would you like?" said the captain to the officer; "come, now, just order what you fancy."

The officer was modest at first, but at last did as he was bid.

"Gravy soup and turbot, followed by roast duck."

"And if we had a pint of Madeira while it is preparing," insinuated the captain.

"True," said the officer, "bring a pint of Madeira."

"And some bitters, to sharpen the appetite," asked the captain.

"Ay, and some bitters," said the officer.

The Madeira, bitters, dinner, and dessert, were duly demolished, the officer having, at the suggestion of the captain, ordered a pineapple with the latter, punch with the turbot, and champagne with the duck. The *petits terres* were taken before the cheese; a bottle of port, and about four of claret, were all that our officer ventured to order after the repast.

By the time these were demolished, the evening waned towards half-past eight of the clock, and the officer was not so blinded with wine as to forget his duty.

"If you please, sir," said he to the captain, "we must go."

"With all my heart," said the captain; "you had better call for the bill."

The officer called for the bill; it came; and while he was counting it over, the captain whispered the waiter, "Do not let him go until he has paid that;" and then taking down his hat, and buttoning his coat, he made a movement to depart. The officer rose to accompany him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the waiter; "but you have not settled the bill."

"Oh! Captain will do that."

"Oh no, sir! the captain said you would pay; and if you recollect, sir, all the orders were given by you; besides, sir, the captain is going."

"Ha! but he can't go, though!" shouted the officer; "he's my prisoner."

"No—no, my dear fellow, you are wrong this time at any rate," said the captain;

"you see here's my 'day-rule;' and as I must make haste back, I will wish you a good evening, thanking you for your good dinner and pleasant company, and leaving you to pay the bill."

The officer glanced at the day-rule,—it was enough, he had no more authority over the captain; and while he was pulling out his purse, the captain sallied forth in quest of Banco Regis, which, it is to be presumed, he reached in safety.

[Of this volume, upwards of 120 pages are occupied with "The Escapes and Adventures of Captain Johnson, the celebrated Smuggler," mostly narrated by himself to the author. From these we select the captain's]

Second Escape from the Fleet Prison.

Captain Johnson was arrested in London, and a second time committed to the Fleet,—fixed, as he says, to the best of his recollection, with debts and liabilities to the amount of 13,000*l*. At the period of this, his second imprisonment, he had plenty of money; had given a bond, through his attorney, to the warden, to guard against any escape; and kept up an establishment of two handsomely furnished rooms in the prison; giving entertainments, and making himself generally popular.

"During all this time," he says, "I had an eye to future difficulty; I used, in my walks, to mark the walls and windows, and calculate upon the best quarter for an escape. For one or two days I remarked a young glazier, who had been mending the pulleys of the windows, and who had some capital, good patent sash-line.

"'This is good line,' said I.—'Yes, sir.' 'Who is your master?'—'Mr. Barron, in the Strand, sir.'—'Well, I think I could sell a few tons weight of this rope; I have a commission to send something of this sort over to Flushing. What do you say; can you get me a specimen?'—'Oh yes, sir, certainly; how much do you want?'—'Why almost any quantity will do; suppose you bring me about 300 yards.'—'Very well, sir.'

"The next day, the young man brought the 300 yards of the line; which I sent out by a confidential friend, to try its strength. I then weighed fourteen stone; I directed my friend to see if the rope would bear twenty-eight stone. When he brought it back, he reported that he had tried it with twenty-eight stone, and that it bore it well. Of course I preserved the rope, and very soon after I had occasion for it.

"I bent my mind to my escape. I began by telling my charwoman in confidence that I was going to Newgate, but that I was going to take my trial, and was sure to floor them; but begged her not to tell how certain I was that my enemies would be beaten. As

I foresaw, when I asked her confidence, she told every body, so that the whole prison, including the turnkeys and the warden, hearing of the matter, felt too much convinced of my determination and certainty of winning at the trial, to dream of my escaping before it. To add to the influence of this feeling, I called in counsel, gave them instructions, paid them heavy fees, and talked largely of the certainty of my acquittal.

"My solicitor soon called on me; and I said, that as I was committed for trial upon a matter of life and death, he had better withdraw his bond, as the debts were now of no consequence.

"He turned pale, and said he could not; it would look as if I meant to escape.

"I assured him nothing was further from my intention. 'But I want to relieve you of your responsibility, and you must withdraw your bond.'

"'No,' said he, 'but indeed I will not.'

"'Well, then, I will tell you what; you must; the fact is,—and you will know how to be secret with me—in forty-eight hours I shall be out of this, or a dead man.'

"The poor fellow trembled, and looked more like a ghost than a gentleman. 'But,' said he, 'how can I withdraw the bond?'

"'Go,' said I, 'say that I have quarrelled with you—that you have done me good service—that I am an ungrateful fellow, and that you will have nothing more to do with me; then withdraw your bond, and do not come near the prison again.'

"The worthy fellow shook me by the hand, God blessed me, went his way, and did as I had directed. "I now commenced active operations. The strong room was at the opposite end of the coffee gallery; and I could not file the window-bars because of the person in the next room, who complained if I made any noise; and over the double doors of my apartment there were panels, which the turnkeys had told me contained iron bars. I soon, however, discovered that this was false.

"There was, at this time, in the prison a mad-headed, mad-brained fellow, who had the credit of being really insane,—a Captain Fitzhugh, a fine, powerful, well-made, young gentleman, who was perpetually urging me to escape, but to whom I always said it was of no use to think of it. I, however, had him in my eye, and contracted an intimacy with him, that he might be at my service at the proper moment.

"I began with a gimlet, which I procured, to bore some holes in the inner panel of my room; alas! the panel was of oak, five inches thick, and my gimlet soon broke. I then recollected that I had seen very strong gimlets, used by brewers to bore spigot-holes in the casks; and I directed a confidential

friend to bring me half a dozen of them. I also smuggled in a sword in a basket of greens, and bought two brace of pistols, (duelling pistols,) from Captain Forbes, nephew to the Marquis of Hastings, and intimate with Fitzhugh.

"I now set to work in earnest; bored away the holes of the inner panel all day, leaving very narrow interstices, and filled them up with putty that they might not be seen. I had previously provided myself with a bottle of splendid Hollands gin to assist my operations.

"At night, when all was quiet, I made Fitzhugh acquainted with my plan. I got him to borrow the attic, in which Forbes and a fellow-prisoner slept; and also to persuade the owner of the next room but one to me, to give them part of his apartment, by sending in four bottles of wine to keep them amused. After the prisoners had retired to their beds, Fitzhugh was to make a noise along the galleries, singing, hooting, and hallooing, and confirming the character he had acquired, of being mad.

"It was necessary, in order effectually to burst the panels after they were bored, to give them a tremendous blow with some powerful instrument. This instrument I acquired by taking one of the iron pulleys, (near two feet long,) from out of the window sash, and, at the moment I required, to strike the blow against the panel. Fitzhugh got the signal, and set up the shouting and bellying of Beelzebub to drown the noise; still a good number of people came out of their doors, but they only said, 'It's that mad fellow, Fitzhugh,' and turned in again.

"I then began to bore at the outer panel, (having burst the inner one,) as gently and as quickly as I could; and, to tell truth, I got on rapidly.

"Poor Fitzhugh, however, who had been walking the galleries, got terribly exhausted, and, at last, came with a gentle tap at the door.

"'Captain,' said he, 'by the powers, if I were you I'd give it up. Go out at the gate in the morning, and shoot the turnkey.'

"'Well,' said I, 'take another turn, and come back in ten minutes.'

[The captain gave Fitzhugh two glasses of Hollands, at an interval of ten minutes.]

* Captain Johnson had a second plan of escape, which he had mentioned to Fitzhugh. It was this:—The Fleet lobby had a door on either side, and the lobby itself was between. In this the head-turnkey slept, in those days, with the keys. Johnson's plan was to give an alarm the first thing in the morning, at the inner door; and the moment it was opened, to intrude with a pistol, and blow out the man's brains if he moved. Then, having got the keys, he was to shut and lock the inner door, and opening the outer one, shut that also; and, locking it upon the turnkey, make his escape, when no one could, by possibility, pursue. This plan was rejected for the one we now describe.

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"Now," said I, 'run down the gallery; give a thump at every door you come to, and sing and halloo to your utmost.'

"Fitz did as he was told; he gave a hard blow at a door—I a tremendous one at the panel! he gave a kick at another door—I another blow at the panel; my work was completed. Fitzhugh, singing and whistling, ran to my end of the gallery, and pushed up the falling panel, so that I could take it inside, while it would appear to have been forced without; and people hearing the voice of Fitzhugh, did not heed the noise, but simply wished him in the strong room, and went to sleep.

"I then got out with my head foremost above the door, resting part of my weight on a meat-hook, as assisted by Fitzhugh, to whom I had previously handed my basket, now despoiled of its cabbages, and containing my sword, pistols, rope, and grapple-hook.

"We now stole along the gallery, and went up stairs to the top of the prison, into the attic, where there were four beds. I now found that although Forbes and his companion were gone, as we had provided, there were still, unluckily, two old men sleeping in the other couches.

"It's a fine night, however," said I, throwing up the window.

"It is indeed," said Fitzhugh, approaching with the basket, so as to cover my movements, while I got outside, and walked up the wall on to the roof by a strong lightning conductor. Arrived there, I threw down a ball of twine, which Fitzhugh fastened to the basket, which I pulled up with my pistols and sword. These I disposed about my person in such a manner as not to interfere with my movements, when I threw the grapple end of the rope over the opposite '*chevaux de frise*,' and making the other fast by means of a single hitch, I went along it by my hands and feet to the wall; then throwing my body lengthways under the spikes, they turned with me, and I found myself on the outside, with plenty of room to stand on the wall. Having released my rope by a sudden jerk, I then walked round the wall a considerable distance, until I came to that part of it which faced Fleet Market, when I tied my rope round one of the stanchions that supported the spikes, and letting a certain length down the wall, trusted myself to it; and, on my way down, alighted on a lamp-iron, and slightly grazed my shins.

"My escape, however, was not complete. I had a confidential man on the outside, with a given signal,* to apprise me of dan-

ger, and just as I had alighted on the lamp-iron, I saw this signal, and almost immediately the prison out-watchman, armed with a small fusee on his shoulder, made his appearance. This did not disturb me in the least. I simply drew out one of my pistols, and pointed it at him, moving it as on a pivot as he passed, and determined, in case he saw me, to shoot him dead. He, however, went upon his beat without discerning me, and I then lowered myself to the ground. Before leaving I drew my sword, and heaving up, cut the rope as high as I could reach, in order that the watchman might not discover it the next time he passed.

"I should here say that I had, during my incarceration, smuggled into the Fleet the uniform of a lieutenant of a regiment of hussars, then stationed at Brighton; and in this uniform I had dressed myself previous to striking my last blow at the outer panel.

"The arrangements for my departure had been thus managed with the only friend who had communicated with me whilst in the prison. He had gone to livery stables in Doctors' Commons, and ordered a post-chaise to be ready at ten o'clock at night, and to be kept waiting till countermanded. He described himself as the friend of a young officer of hussars, who was obliged to join his regiment at Brighton in the morning; but who, unhappily, had that mania for gambling, that he could not control his own actions when led away by his appetite for play. He had been requested by his father to see that he joined his regiment; he was then at some gambling-house at the west end, and he would go and fetch him as soon as he could tear him from the table.

"The grooms and postilions were well feed with this story, and, altogether, it obtained, as it well might, implicit belief.

"My friend joined me as I had alighted from the wall, threw away his flint and steel, and accompanied me to my post-chaise, in which we soon reached Brighton. There, having paid off the vehicle, I changed my garb, and soon after embarked in one of my own cutters from Hoo, near Brighton.

"I ought to mention that, on my way to Doctors' Commons, through St. Paul's Church-yard, I still held in my hand the coiled end of the rope which I had cut off with my sword on alighting from the Fleet wall; and that, on throwing it from me over the railings, it fell, by an odd chance, exactly round the neck of the statue of Queen Anne. The next day it was discovered; compared with the rope which still hung to the prison-wall; and on being found to correspond, sold rapidly at one shilling per inch. Such is the real history of my escape from the Fleet."

* This signal was the gentle striking of a flint and steel, till they should emit sparks, under cover, however, of the striker's coat, so that the sparks could only be seen in a straightforward direction.

Useful Arts.

METHOD OF DESTROYING MICE, &c., IN THEIR
HIDING PLACES.

M. THENARD, in 1832, submitted to the Academy of Sciences a plan for destroying noxious animals, when they have taken refuge in their hiding places. The instrument of destruction is sulphuretted hydrogen, which he had remarked to be peculiarly deleterious to animal life. Animals when allowed to breathe the pure gas fall down as if struck with a bullet. Even when considerably diluted with atmospheric air, the effects are deadly. A horse dies in less than a minute, in air containing 1-250 of this gas. A dog of moderate size is speedily killed in air containing 1-1000, while a greenfinch expires in a few seconds in air possessing 1-1500 of sulphuretted hydrogen. Influenced by these facts, the French chemist proposed the employment of this gas to several individuals for the purpose of extirpating noxious vermin, but his suggestions being treated with indifference, he determined to put the method in practice by his own experiments.

His first trial was in an apartment infested by rats, which showed themselves occasionally during the day, and at night were actively engaged in plundering a chest of oats, to which they had access through an aperture of their own formation. The holes by which they retreated amounting to eighteen in number, Thenard adapted to each of them in succession retorts capable of containing half a pint measure, by introducing the beak of the retort and filling up the interval round its neck with plaster. Sulphuret of iron was deposited in the retort, formed from a mixture of iron filings, sulphur, and water, and dilute sulphuric acid was introduced by means of a tube placed in the tubulure. The sulphuretted hydrogen was disengaged with great rapidity, and in a few minutes not a rat remained alive in the building. His next experiment was in an old abbey where he was equally successful, and having opened up part of the wall he found many dead rats. He recommends the application of this method to the destruction of moles, foxes, and all animals which cannot be extirpated by the usual means. Thenard then gives popular directions for the formation of the materials required to produce the gas.

Mix four parts of iron filings, three parts flowers of sulphur in a mortar with a pestle. Place the mixture in a convenient vessel, and moisten it with four parts of boiling water, stirring it with a piece of wood or glass. Add gradually afterwards four parts more of water, and introduce it into the retort. Pour upon the mixture common oil of vitriol diluted with five times its volume of water, and continue to add it gradually till the effervescence

ceases. Should any of the gas escape into the apartment and occasion inconvenience, it may be removed by dropping a little sulphuric acid upon bleaching powder. The holes should be closed immediately, to prevent the disagreeable effects of the putrefaction of the carcasses of the animals which have thus been destroyed.—*Translated from the Annales de Chimie, in Dr. Thomson's Records of Science, No. 1.*

QUILL AND STEEL PENS.

[In the *Literary Gazette*, April 4, we find the following very interesting details of the pen manufacture, in a lecture on the subject recently given by Mr. Faraday, at the Royal Institution.]

The great object which Mr. Faraday appeared to have in view, was to compare and contrast the pens of ten years ago with those of the present time; his subject, therefore, was naturally divided into two parts, viz.—the quill pen, and the steel pen. The chief marts for the former were Russia and Polish Prussia. The extraordinary elasticity of quill and feather was illustrated by showing that a peacock's feather, crumpled and pressed together to the utmost degree, could be perfectly expanded and arranged by subjecting it to the heat of steam. All the operations necessary in pen-making were then shown. The average number of quills manufactured by some of the old established houses in the metropolis was 6,000,000 each, annually. During the last seven years the imports of quills into London were—

In 1828	-	-	-	22,418,600
1829	-	-	-	23,119,800
1830	-	-	-	19,787,400
1831	-	-	-	23,670,300
1832	-	-	-	17,860,900
1833	-	-	-	23,976,600
1834	-	-	-	18,732,000

After touching upon the manufacture of the portable pens, and exhibiting the machines (from Morden's) by which they were made, Mr. Faraday proceeded to notice the steel pens of Wyse, Donkin, Wollaston, Doughty, and others. The mode of manufacturing steel pens at present was by the presses and apparatus of Mr. Morden; who, as a member of the Royal Institution, evinced his zeal for its welfare by transporting his beautiful machinery, as well as his men, to the lecture-room. The points of mechanical and chemical philosophy which continually arose as the pens passed through their numerous stages—fourteen—were of the utmost interest. Mr. Faraday then stated some particulars respecting the present enormous production of pens, and referred to the establishment of Messrs. Gillot, of Birmingham, in which there are about three hundred pairs of hands constantly employed, and which consumes

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about forty tons of steel per annum in the manufacture of this article. One ton of steel can produce 1,935,360 pens, or nearly two millions. The whole production in England was supposed to be equal to thrice that of Gillet's, or about 220,000,000 annually. Steel pens have been made by Wyse above thirty years ago, yet the great trade had arisen within the last nine or ten; and although the quill pen trade has been somewhat affected by it, the consumption of such pens has diminished very little, and is now increasing. Hence it becomes a matter of curious speculation to consider what would have been the case had steel pens not been introduced; for, taking the importation of quills ten years ago as 22,000,000, or 23,000,000, there is now added to that amount a tenfold production of steel pens, or about 220,000,000. In considering the manner in which these pens were disposed of, Mr. Faraday stated that many were exported. To account for the disposal of the rest, he took the population as having increased in the above period by one-fourth of its present number: he supposed that, from the diffusion of education, probably the proportion of persons who could write now, as compared with those who did so ten or fifteen years ago, was as four to one; or rather that the proportion of writing was in that ratio. Finally, he considered that the cheapness of the pens now produced would probably cause an increase in the waste amounting to one-third of the whole supply. These causes put together would account for an increase of consumption as seven to one, and with the exports, gave an idea of the manner in which the whole was disposed of.

Antiquariana.

THE PARISH OF ST. GILES'S IN THE FIELDS.

This part of London was, about the time of the Norman Conquest, an unbuilt tract of country, or but thinly scattered with inhabitants. The parish, (says Smith, in his *Antiquities of London*;) derived its name, if not its origin, from an ancient hospital for lepers, which was built on the site of the present church by Matilda, queen of King Henry I., and dedicated to *St. Giles*; before which time there had been only a small chapel or oratory on the spot. It is described in old records as abounding with gardens and dwellings in the flourishing times of *St. Giles's* hospital; but it declined in population and buildings after the suppression of that establishment, and remained but an inconsiderable village till the end of the reign of Elizabeth, after which period it was rapidly built on and became distinguished by the number and rank of its inhabitants. The great increase of *St. Giles's* parish occasioned the separation of *St. George's*, *Bloomsbury*

parish from it, anno 1734. The second church was built anno 1631, the present one 1734. *Hog-lane* was formerly called *Eldestrate*; *Monmouth-street*, *Le-lane*; the *Seven Dials*, *Cock and Pye Fields*; *Long Acre*, *Elm-close*; *Lincoln's-inn Fields*, *Pickets-fields*.

In ancient times, (says Pennant,) it was customary to present to malefactors, on the way to the gallows, (which, about the year 1413, was removed from *Smithfield* and placed between *St. Giles's High-street* and *Hog-lane*;) a great bowl of ale, as the last refreshment they were to receive in this life. Such a custom prevailed at *York*, which gave rise to the saying, "*That the saddler of Bawtry was hanged for leaving his liquor.*" Had he stopt, as usual, his reprieve, which was actually on the road, would have arrived time enough to have saved him. Here was executed, in the most barbarous manner, this famous *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Baron Cobham*. He was hung on the gallows by a chain fastened round his body, and, thus suspended, burnt alive. Near the church, was the house of *Alice*, *Duchess of Dudley*, who died here in 1669, aged 90. She was the widow of the great *Sir Robert Dudley*, son to *Robert*, *Earl of Leicester*. The famous *Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, the inflexible patriot *Andrew Marvell*, and *Richard Pendrell*, were buried in the old church. The *basso-relievo*, over the *Resurrection Gate*, as it is called, is a most elaborate performance, which was executed about the year 1687. The present state of *St. Giles's* is well known; it has sometimes been called *Little Dublin*. P. T. W.

* The gallows is represented in the ancient plan of *St. Giles's*.

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The Gatherer.

Origin of the Geranium, (an Eastern tradition.)—The prophet *Mohammed* one day having washed his shirt, threw it upon a plant of the mallow for the purpose of drying; and when the shirt was taken away, the mallow was found to have been transformed by contact with so sacred an object into a magnificent geranium, a plant which had never previously existed.

The sugar-cane thrives in *Afghanistan*, but the people are ignorant of the mode of crystallizing its juice. That which is candied is brought from *Hindustan*, though the native sugar is excellent. The *Afghans* are very fond of the fresh cane, which they cut in small pieces and eat as a sweetmeat.

Origin of the word Chocolate.—This drink the *Mexicans* called chocolate, from *chacoo*, sound; and *atte*, or *atte*, water; that is, water that makes a noise: from the noise which the instrument used to mill and prepare the liquor, made in the water.—P.T.W.

Fleet Marriages.—"In walking along the street, in my youth, (says Pennant,) on the side next to the Fleet Prison, I have often been tempted by the question, 'Sir, will you walk in and be married.' Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with, 'Marriages performed within,' written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin, or roll of tobacco. Our great Chancellor, Lord Hardwick, put these *demons* to flight, and saved thousands from the misery and disgrace which would be entailed by these extemporary thoughtless unions."—See Pennant's *London*.

There are two curious, humorous prints of these marriages, one representing the marriage ceremony, and the other the wedding entertainment; both may be had of Mr. Evans, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

When Sergeant P——, who had a remarkably long nose, was once thrown from his horse on the road, a countryman coming up, and seeing he had fallen on his face, looked earnestly at him as he helped him to rise, and inquired if he was not hurt. On the sergeant replying in the negative, the fellow grinned, and said, "Then your *ploughshare* saved you, sir."

Study of the Classics.—The men of this mechanical, gain-pursuing age, may possibly ask, *cui bono*, to what useful purpose does all this labour tend? Much, say we, much every way. 'Tis true we may not be able to apply this branch of knowledge to the augmentation of the physical comforts of our race; we cannot, we confess, by any acquaintance, how intimate soever with the writings of the olden time, convert "these stones into bread," nor multiply thereby the means of procuring for ourselves and others the blessings of raiment and habitation; but, is it nothing, we ask, to have a mind, disciplined by the patient and persevering attention indispensable to the acquisition of the languages, by pre-eminence called *learned*. Is it nothing to acquire thus a deep and delightful insight of the principles of universal grammar and the constituent parts of our own native tongue; nothing to be enabled to read in all their original brightness the burning thoughts of the earth's noblest spirits, or to hang in breathless admiration on the record of those glorious deeds, the memorials of that imperishable fame, which dignified the days of old? Is it, we repeat, nothing to possess a charm capable of re-opening the sepulchre, and re-collecting the scattered ashes of the pyre; of causing to pass in review before us,

not in their impalpable, shadowy visions, but in all their living and breathing vigour, the patriots, poets, sages, and heroes, of Greece and Rome? Yet all this, and much more, does an intimate acquaintance with the classical languages of antiquity enable us to effect; and, say, shall we deprive the ingenious youth of England of so noble a privilege, merely because Ignorance cannot, and Envy will not, see how glorious, how elevating is such a study? F. R.

Killing a Cayman.—Dr. Meyen, in his *Voyage round the World*, lately published at Berlin, says, a few days before his arrival, in one of the Philippine Islands, a cayman of extraordinary size had been killed there. This animal had seized a horse that was drinking, and dragged it to a small river on the boundary of the hacienda, where he devoured it. But, as the water in this stream was too shallow to swim in, and the belly of the animal was so dilated in consequence of its voracity that it projected beyond its feet, it could not walk, and it was, therefore, soon discovered; twelve balls were lodged in its head and breast, but it was not killed till the point of a lance entered the spine just below the neck. Its length was twenty Spanish feet, and its circumference eleven, close behind the fore-feet. The feet of the horse were found in the cayman's stomach, and also seventy-two pounds of stones, some of which were jagged pieces of porphyry: its head weighed 270 lbs. Another cayman, supposed to be the female, has since been seen in the same place; it was calculated to be twenty-five feet long.

Cons. for Chemists.

Like what medicine is one who cashes bills?—Cassia.

What medicine bespeaks in its name its fitness for dogs?—Bark.

Like what is a speech against money?—Anti-mony.

What instrument is like a cutting reply?—The Retort.

What two articles would a hod-man be most likely to carry out from a chemist's shop?—Mortar and Plaster.

What medicine are we reminded of by a man beating his wife?—Elixir (he licks her).

What does a negro take when he's hung?—Black Drop. J. F.

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